

"Fame prints no record of what men secrete—her pages are only open to those who create—her ratings are not based upon what they have, but what they have done. Herodotus, Plutarch, Josephus, Guicciardini, Macaulay, Prescott, and Bancroft have unanimously failed to discover merely rich men of sufficient importance to will to the ages. Great fortunes are volatile and ephemeral—temporary baubles—without stability or endurance. But great thoughts grow hardy with the years—they are moulded in adamant—they survive the erosion of the aeons—they outlast races and empires—eras and epochs.

"Those who aim only at prosperity cannot reach posterity. Perpetual monuments are not built with gold—the towering milestones are signed by martyrs and dreamers. The seed of genius bears fruit for every generation. The laurel wreath is everlasting. We measure from the mountain-top, and, therefore, see but giants. From the heights our vision is not fine enough to detect separate persons among the little people. The song of souls triumphant wells and swells to the heavens—the cry of hope, the cheer onward, the message to betterment, peal like bursts of thunder. No splendid effort has ever been in vain.

"Thus far the most minute and painstaking investigation fails to disclose one man immortalized merely for money-making."

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#### THE ART OF BEING A GRANDFATHER.

(By Warren P. Adams.)

If the hopeful traits of the grandchild are to find their springs in the grandparent, as Dr. Holmes has suggested, then a grave responsibility rests upon the latter. He must necessarily be a judicious and a thoughtful grandfather who is called to fill so important a position, and he should conduct himself with becoming gravity.

When, too, he finds his grandchild asking questions that might puzzle even the ancient sages, the intricacy of his position begins to dawn upon him. Not only

must he be the repository of all wisdom, but his resources for pleasure, his powers of imagination and his fertility of thought must needs be quite inexhaustible. He must be the boon companion of his grandchild to whom any disparity in age seems quite insignificant. There is no dignity in the eyes of the grandchild that doth hedge about his grandfather. The world may have its own estimate, may perforce approach him with awe, but to his prattling mate he is the one good fellow from whom no artificial distinctions can separate him. The plump hand resting so confidently in his is a bond of union stronger than any documentary tie can present, and symbolic of a sympathy broad, deep and life-enduring.

As he looks upon his little companion of so many pleasant hours the grandfather is startled to find in him the reincarnation of many traits of character he had longed to see impersonated. The dreams that had possessed his thoughts failed to revive in the lives of his own offspring, and with a sigh he has feared to find them dissipated into thin air. He has looked to find the deficiencies in his own intellectual training made good in the lives of those who were entrusted to him and to see the undeveloped mentality which he was conscious of possessing reach its flower and fruitage in the next generation.

To this end he has labored, struggled and saved in vain, for his own children may have given no indication whatever of rising above the dead level of mediocrity. On the other hand, he may have witnessed with pride an advance over previous conditions, and his heart rejoices at the thought that the brilliancy of his grandchildren is a reflex of the latent powers of his own nature. Men have been known to purchase classic histories for their children and grandchildren while yet babies in arms, because in the dim future, which they already saw fulfilled, they might form a part of the child's curriculum of study. They built in their own minds the scaffolding of their child's future education and their thoughts were projected forward to the day when, a child no longer, it had reached

the stature of a full-grown and accomplished scholar.

It is a common observation that the severity of judgment exercised toward one's own children finds many ameliorating and softening conditions when applied to one's grandchildren. This arises partly from the more matured judgment attained by the grandfather, for instance, in dealing with the world, but even this is modified and affected by the clinging tendrils of affection winding themselves so closely around the heart.

One may, from what he fancies is a sense of justice, deal equitably with one's own children, but when these newer grafts upon the family tree appear it becomes more than ever difficult to hold the scales of justice even-handed toward the little trustful natures opening before him like a shy violet.

A grandfather may be well content in watching a single boy or girl in the second generation of olive branches, but when he finds himself the towering center of a group of them he feels that an unusual series of honors has fallen to him. Then, indeed, has he become a sage, an oracle of wisdom and an umpire and a leader in the many resources which his group of loving friends have on hand for their amusement.

He may never have been fully observant of the progressive development of his own children, but the marvelous precocity of his grandchildren is an opening source of unfailing delight and surprise.

"The grandchildren can do no wrong" comes perilously near being the maxim of the grandfather's daily conduct, while he must almost possess a heart of marble to deny them any indulgence in food or pleasure their whimsical fancy may call for.

We often stand in amazement at the apparent callousness of parents who bring up their children "by rule," enforcing with the inflexibility of the Medes and Persians a system which takes no account of existing conditions.

This may result sometimes in bringing up the perfect child physically, and concrete cases cannot be argued in the abstract. There is, however, no difficulty